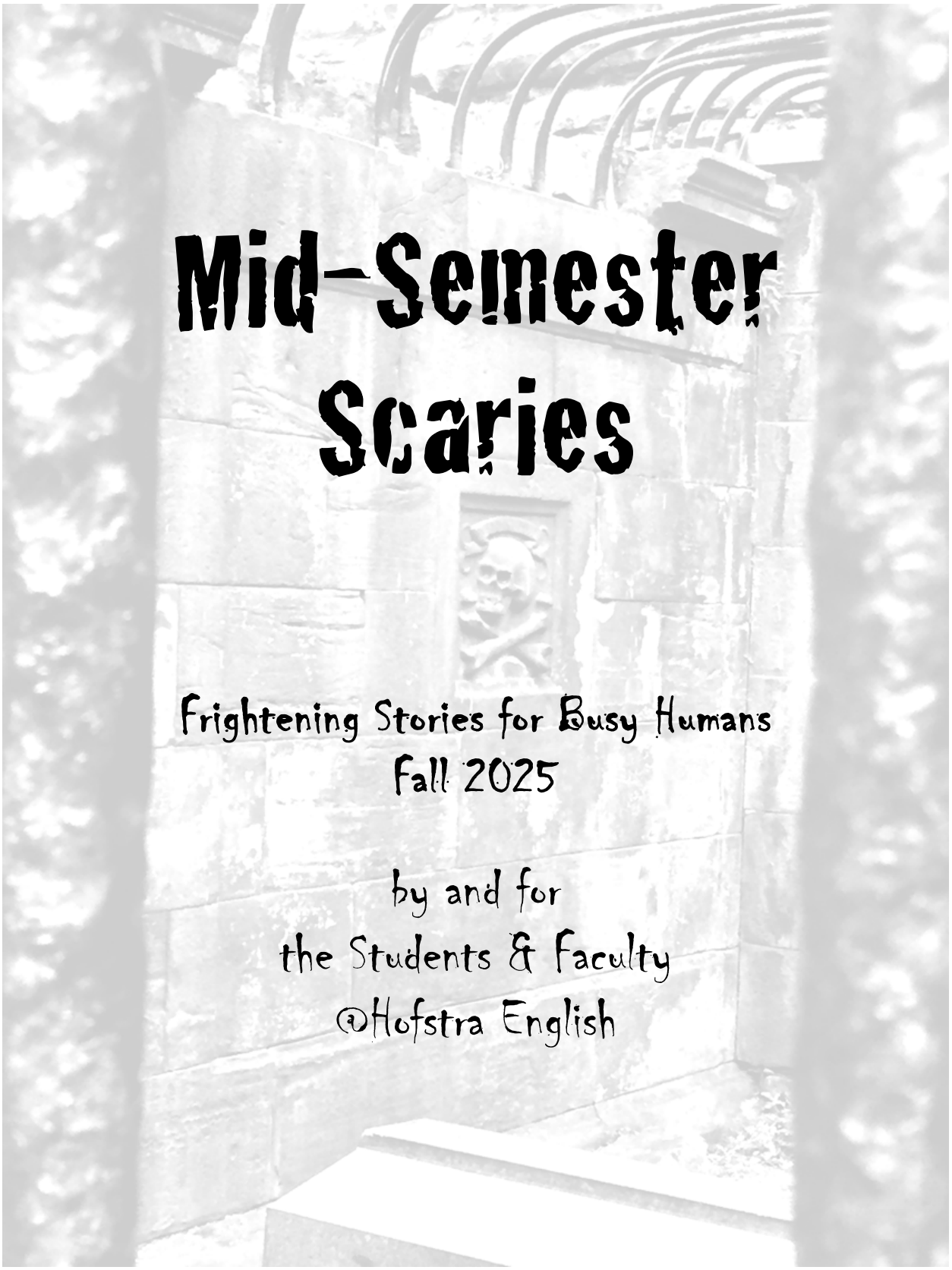

Mid-Semester Scaries

Frightening Stories for Busy Humans
Fall 2025

by and for
the Students & Faculty
@Hofstra English

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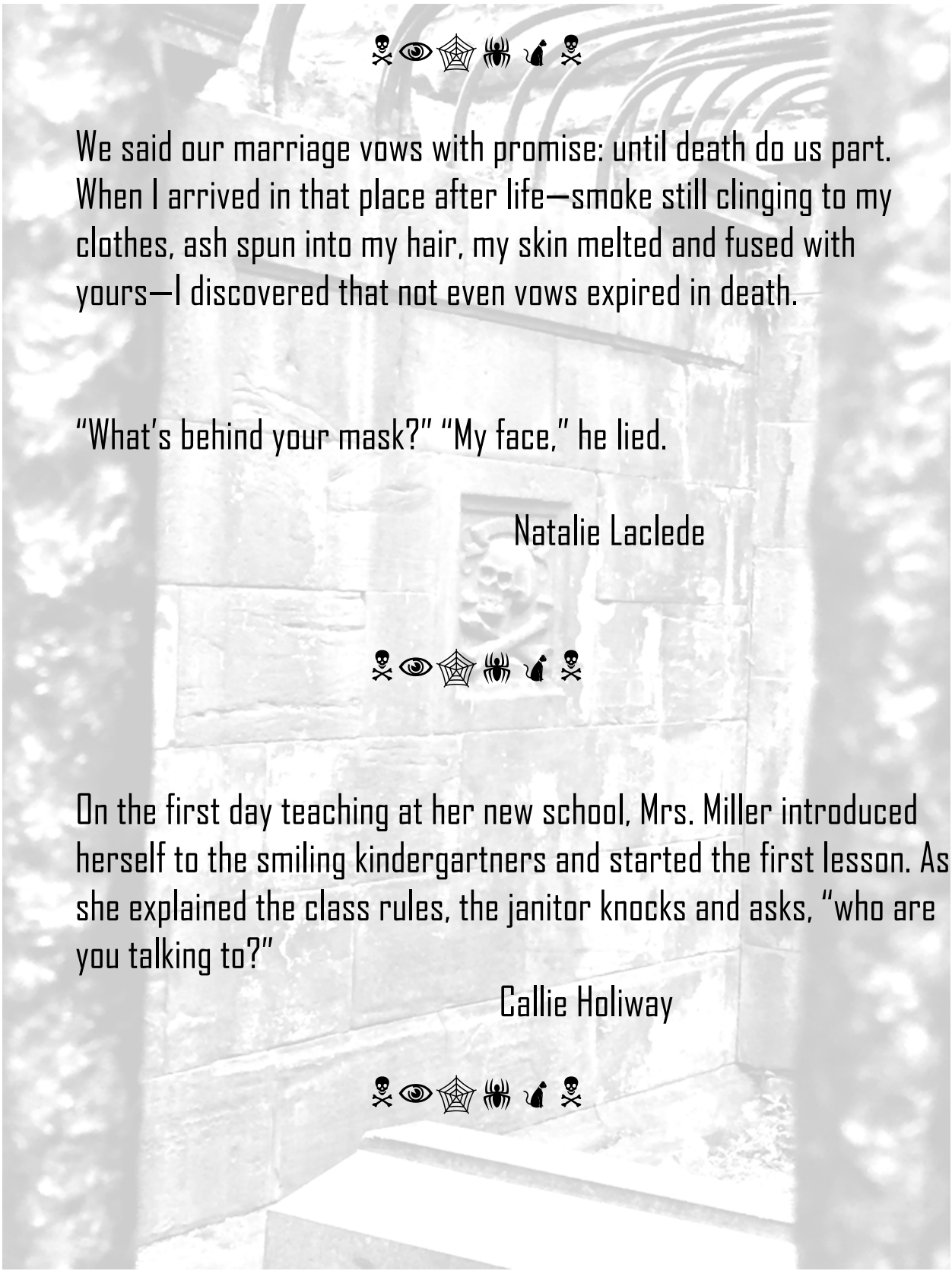
Taken by Vimala Pasupathi 2015



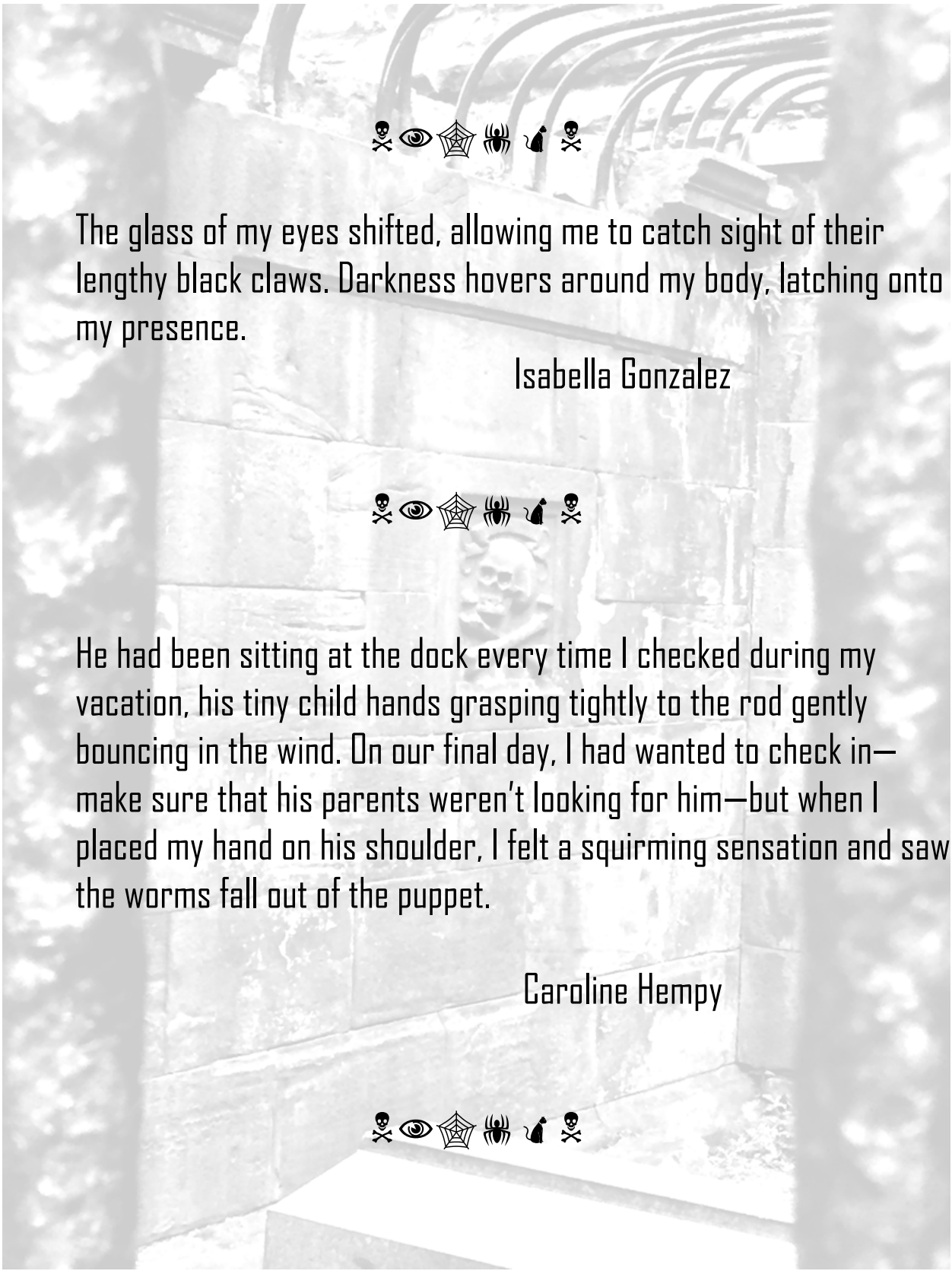
We said our marriage vows with promise: until death do us part. When I arrived in that place after life—smoke still clinging to my clothes, ash spun into my hair, my skin melted and fused with yours—I discovered that not even vows expired in death.

"What's behind your mask?" "My face," he lied.

Natalie Laclede

On the first day teaching at her new school, Mrs. Miller introduced herself to the smiling kindergartners and started the first lesson. As she explained the class rules, the janitor knocks and asks, "who are you talking to?"

Callie Holiway

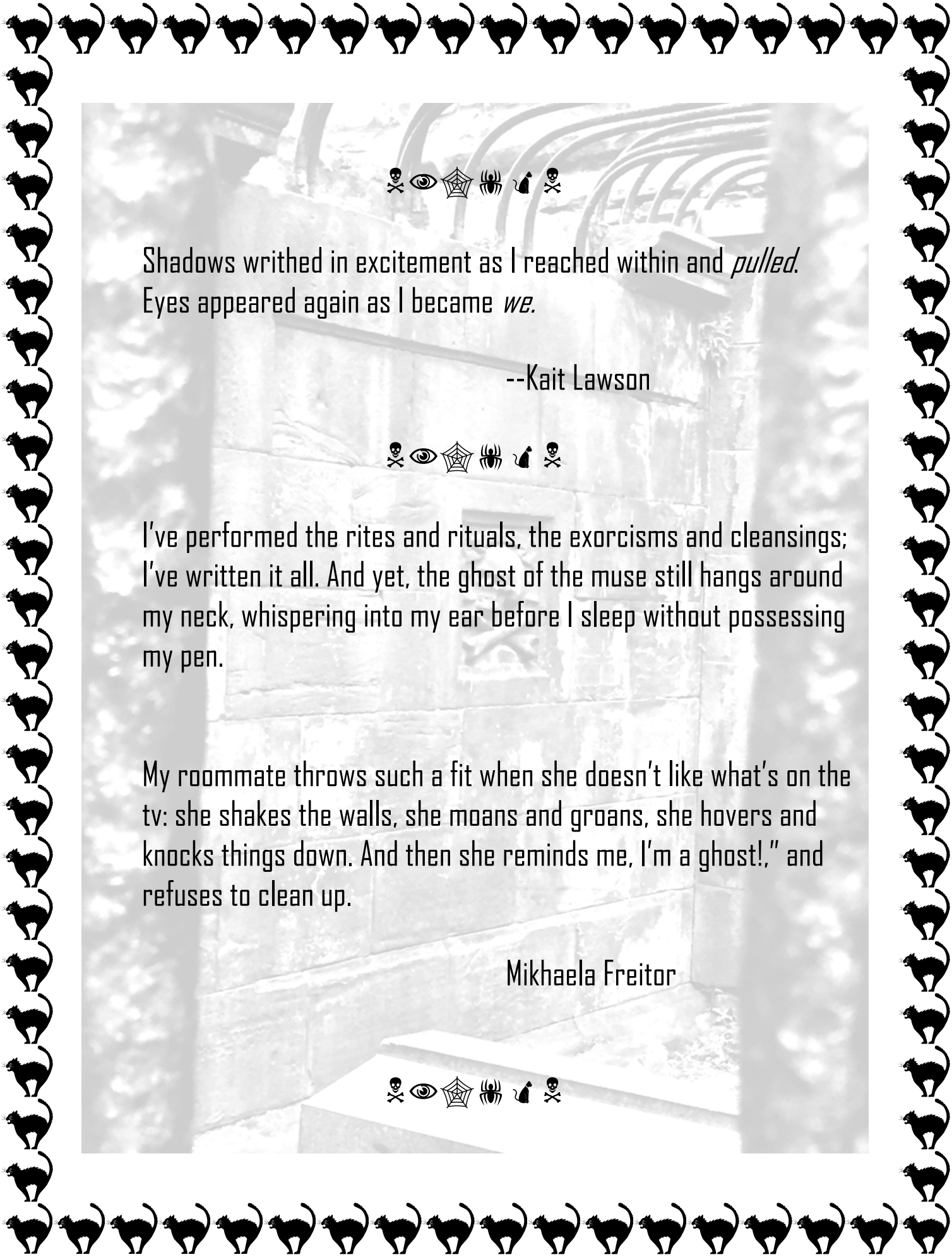


The glass of my eyes shifted, allowing me to catch sight of their lengthy black claws. Darkness hovers around my body, latching onto my presence.

Isabella Gonzalez

He had been sitting at the dock every time I checked during my vacation, his tiny child hands grasping tightly to the rod gently bouncing in the wind. On our final day, I had wanted to check in—make sure that his parents weren't looking for him—but when I placed my hand on his shoulder, I felt a squirming sensation and saw the worms fall out of the puppet.

Caroline Hempy



Shadows writhed in excitement as I reached within and *pulled*.
Eyes appeared again as I became *we.*

--Kait Lawson

I've performed the rites and rituals, the exorcisms and cleansings; I've written it all. And yet, the ghost of the muse still hangs around my neck, whispering into my ear before I sleep without possessing my pen.

My roommate throws such a fit when she doesn't like what's on the tv: she shakes the walls, she moans and groans, she hovers and knocks things down. And then she reminds me, I'm a ghost!," and refuses to clean up.

Mikhaela Freitor

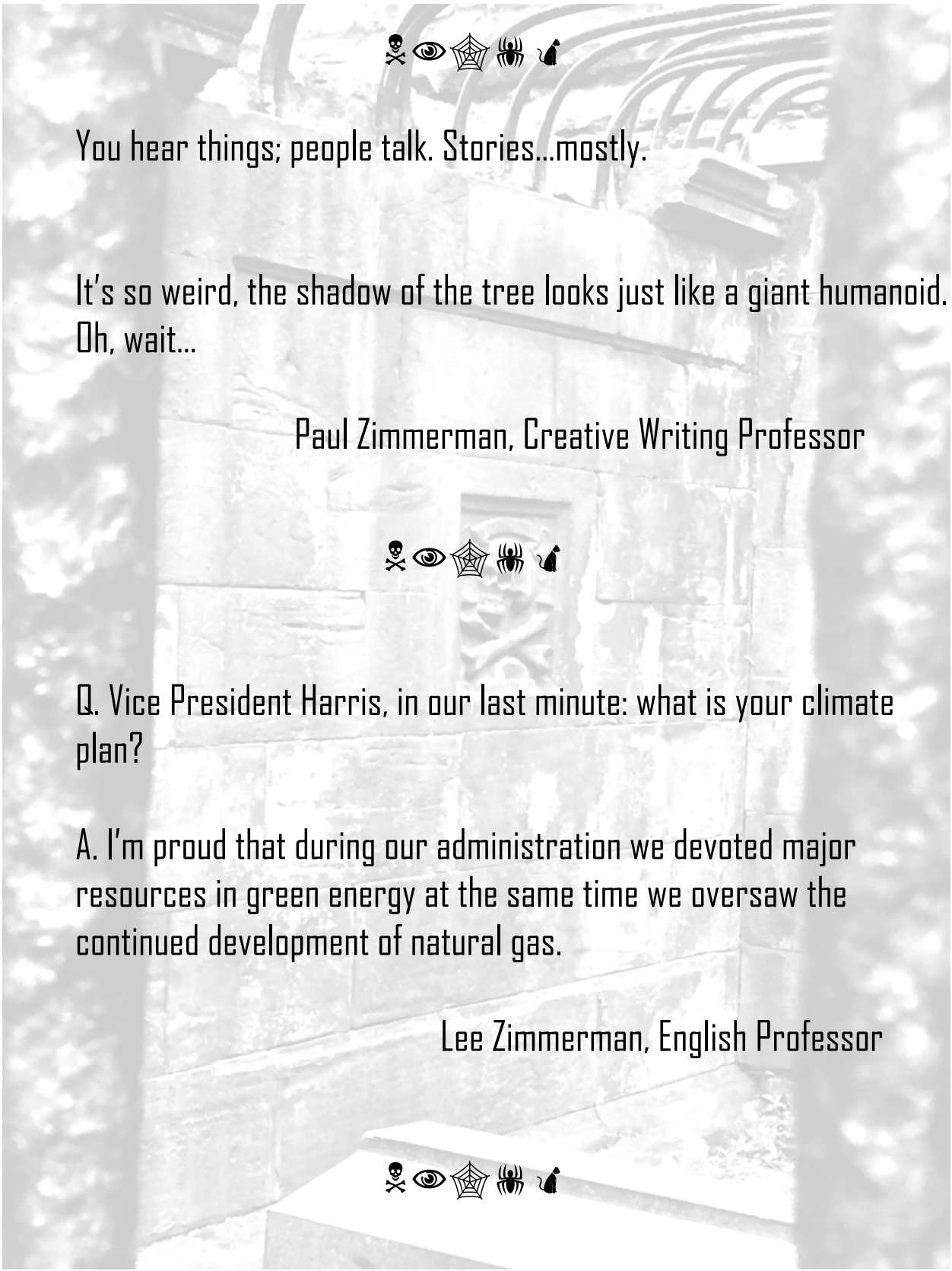
Under a stack of books on my nightstand rested a diary I had never seen before, describing a woman's gradual descent into madness. The last entry was written at midnight, in fancy gothic script, in my own hand.

Eva Badowska, Dean of the
Hofstra College of Liberal
Arts & Sciences

History Lesson

No one knows what happened to the remains of Annette Williamson, who was hung by the British as an American spy. There is no grave to memorialize her in the family cemetery, although there is a plaque at the headstone of her male relative to commemorate his service as a Revolutionary War veteran, and there is no mention of her name or sacrifice in the guide to local historic homes, which explains that the upscale restaurant in what was once her family's gracious eighteenth-century home is "reputed to be haunted."

Karyn Valerius, English Professor



You hear things; people talk. Stories...mostly.

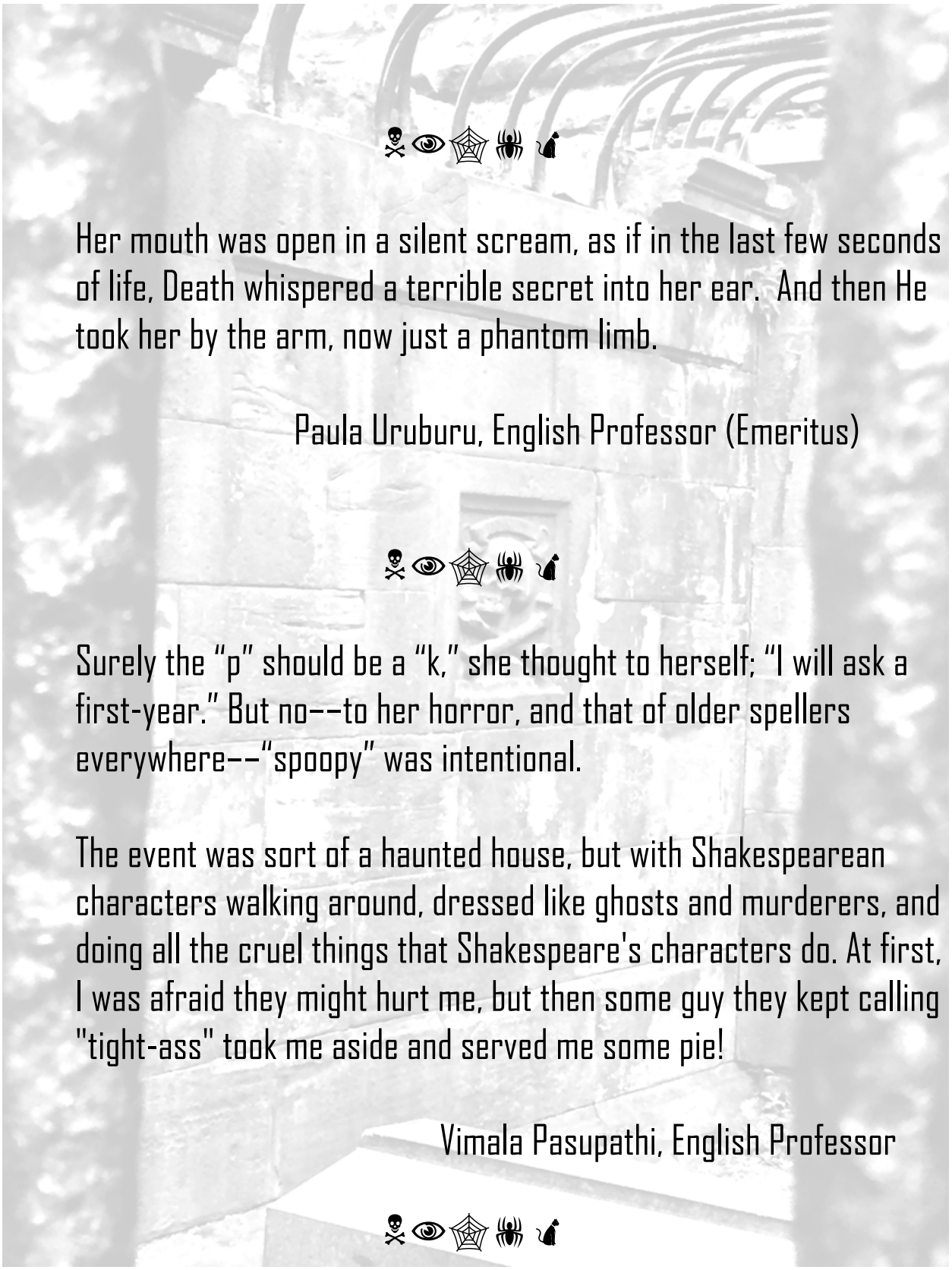
It's so weird, the shadow of the tree looks just like a giant humanoid. Oh, wait...

Paul Zimmerman, Creative Writing Professor

Q. Vice President Harris, in our last minute: what is your climate plan?

A. I'm proud that during our administration we devoted major resources in green energy at the same time we oversaw the continued development of natural gas.

Lee Zimmerman, English Professor



Her mouth was open in a silent scream, as if in the last few seconds of life, Death whispered a terrible secret into her ear. And then He took her by the arm, now just a phantom limb.

Paula Uruburu, English Professor (Emeritus)

Surely the “p” should be a “k,” she thought to herself; “I will ask a first-year." But no––to her horror, and that of older spellers everywhere––“spoopy” was intentional.

The event was sort of a haunted house, but with Shakespearean characters walking around, dressed like ghosts and murderers, and doing all the cruel things that Shakespeare's characters do. At first, I was afraid they might hurt me, but then some guy they kept calling "tight-ass" took me aside and served me some pie!

Vimala Pasupathi, English Professor